

CUBAN SONGBOOK

**(Part 2 - Contemporary Songwriters,
Section C: 50 selected pages written by
Various Songwriters)**

**Find more information on particular songs, sometimes with the stories
behind them and with additional facts on composers and performers in**

www.facebook.com/NewCubanSongbook

English Lyrics © Jorge Fernández Crespo

PARA BARBARA (Santiago Feliú)

FOR BARBARA

Always I feel you drowning
in my reflections.
You're like the wind that's blowing
over the ocean of my affections,
the limpid air stream
of expected lyricism,
dreams overflowing
on my poems with mysticism.

If I create
new music through my voice
with all your sounds and sights,
if I can feel the kindness
in your eyes,
inspiring vibration
that won't subside,
never let me go.

Always you feel me drowning
in your reflections.
I'm like the wind that's blowing
over the ocean of your affections,
the limpid air stream
of expected lyricism,
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on my poems with mysticism.

If I create
new music through my voice
with all your sounds and sights,
if I can feel the kindness
in your eyes,
inspiring vibration
that won't subside,
never let me go.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/140629104338>

ES MÁS, TE PERDONO (Noel Nicola)

IN FACT, I FORGIVE YOU

I forgive you the loads and loads of phrases
that you've whispered in my ears
from the moment I met you.

I forgive you your photos and your kittens,
all your eating out evenings,
your cigarettes and cold beers. In fact,

I forgive you for going how you're going,
with your tireless old slippers,
your teeth and your long tresses.

I forgive you the hundreds of excuses,
the thousands of small troubles,
in all, I forgive you don't love me.

What I cannot forgive you
is the fact that you kissed me
with such premeditation.

I call as witness
a stray dog out in the cold early morning.
Now that's what I shall never forgive you
because if I forgive it,
it falls into oblivion.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/141085286863>

ACUÉRDATE DE ABRIL (Amaury Pérez)

REMEMBER APRIL

Remember April, just remember
the paleness without clouds of every morning.

Don't let winter put out the embers
and freeze your soul without a warning.

Remember April, just remember
the light that always shines the clearest,
the one that makes my kiss more tender
on lips one never feels the nearest.

Remember me if April comes and finds you
in someone else's arms, infatuated.

Remember me if April lurks behind you
with brand new suit and tie, but dated.

Remember me when your accepted autumn
gives way to spring for some good reason.

Remember me if any thoughts hit bottom
releasing you at last from your love's prison.

Remember April, just remember
my voice admiring your sweet laughter.

Remember April as your sole defender
against the sorrow that comes after.

Remember April, just remember
I walked upon your skin, barefooted.

Remember April, just remember
my first embrace, not quite reputed.

Remember me if ever you get caught in
an April windstorm that's elusive.

Remember me if you never take part in
a kiss that your love deems conclusive.

Remember me and please, don't leave me lonely:
this April's driving me to desperation.

Do not forget love birds at night fly only
to nest on any April station.

UNA PALABRA (Carlos Varela)

A SINGLE WORD

A single word has no further meaning
and at the same time, it hides desires,
just as the strong winds disperse the raindrops
and like some flowers hide in the mire.

A closer look could have no real meaning
ad at the same time, express real pleasure,
just like the rain that makes your head spinning
or like the old map to a lost treasure.
Just like the rain that makes your head spinning
or like the old map to a lost treasure.

A common truth has no true meaning
and at the same time, it hides its background,
just like a bonfire that burns forever
or like the rock grown up out of hard ground.

If I should miss you, I shall be no one
and at the same time, no one shall down me
because your eyes give me wings to fly high
and reach the seashore where I'll be drowning.
Because your eyes give me wings to fly high
and reach the seashore where I'll be drowning.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/141834785188>

SE FUE (Raúl Torres)

SHE LEFT

She left, she left.
She abandoned all my kisses.
Still I do not have a clue where she might be,
where she might have flown away.

She's gone, she's gone.
It remains only her absence.
She has slipped all through my fingers like the rain
that now melts into my teardrops.

People, you have no idea
just how much I miss her!
She was true in her own way;
cruel at times as well;
the soundest lover that I've had.

What shall I do
if she never finds her way back?
Shall I keep loving her still beyond recall
of the day she made me fall?

She's gone, she left.
No goodbyes and no best wishes.
And the chances of her comeback have dissolved
like the ending of this song.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/141834806803>

TÚ ERES LA MÚSICA QUE TENGO QUE CANTAR (Tony Pinelli)

YOU'RE THE MUSIC I JUST HAVE TO SING OUT LOUD

For long I wondered who would make me mellow.
You trod then carefully across my starkness.
You were the light that shone on a poor fellow
who all these years was living in the darkness.
What you have found in me remains mysterious.
You're challenging my peace of mind completely.
The cost to my good sense keeps getting serious
as you enchant my heart and soul discreetly.

And that is why,
I want to fill your life with colours of delight
and paint with laughter the sad glances of your eyes
and sing your praises over towns and seas each night.
You and sweet happiness, to me, look so alike
in tricky rhythms we can never play too much,
in those nuances that no painter should retouch,
in the real beauty of fine art making us proud,
that you're the music I just have to sing out loud.

I'd like to shout my feelings from the rooftops
out from the main square like midsummer madness.
I'll hear your name pour out of huge loudspeakers
and make all houses echo with my gladness.
I'm here again under the stars while dreaming,
singing my heart out in this crazy belter,
keeping an eye out, saving time for teaming
up with the gaze that's going to give me shelter.

And that is why,
I want to fill your life with colours of delight
and paint with laughter the sad glances of your eyes
and sing your praises over towns and seas each night.
You and sweet happiness, to me, look so alike
in tricky rhythms we can never play too much,
in those nuances that no painter should retouch,
in the real beauty of fine art making us proud,
that you're the music I just have to sing out loud.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/142234123233>

CANDIL DE NIEVE (Raúl Torres)

CANDLE IN THE SNOW

All you need is an evasion,
a nocturnal consolation, a sudden rapture
to a weekend's paradise
where a blue near-sighted bird
will be your capture.

To avoid awful collisions,
you will have to travel with a vivid candle
since your bird may be unsteady,
it may fly away from you or lag behind you
or even try to put out your candle.

Burn with your brightest flames
when you see the dawn of your newest dreams!
It may be not enough but at least you tried:
Life's not what it seems.
I don't think that deep pain is the only choice
careless gods would offer for redemption.
Don't let your fire die
or you'll end up frozen
by the cruel surrounding snow!

All you need is an evasion
to a planet full of madness and diversion.
When they come to take you there,
you will not only be dazzled by perfection.
Transitory new afflictions
will provoke new kinds of tears at every station
but some other joyful Muses
will design new colours to your inspiration.
Light up your candle, go out and find them!

Burn with your brightest flames
when you see the dawn of your newest dreams!
Perhaps you won't succeed
but at least you tried: Life's not what it seems.
I don't think that deep pain is the only choice
careless gods would offer for redemption.
Don't let your fire die
or you'll end up frozen
by the cruel surrounding snow!

PARA CUANDO ME VAYA (Amaury Pérez) 1977

BY THE TIME I SHOULD LEAVE HERE

Refrain: By the time I should leave here
day won't yet be dawning
on authentic love
or forgotten moaning.

By the time I should leave here
life could seem rewarding
while dreams would do penance
till the next morning.

Springtime lovely young lady
that a gust of wind gladly would blow away,
kiss me gently where I feel most frightened,
give another kiss where you wouldn't again!
(Go then with the sun, let him take you
away from the rain!) (2)
(Refrain)

Summer bright young lady
suffusing with light all the gifts I've received,
kiss me nearer to imminent laughter,
give another kiss on what I'll never be!
(Go then with the sun, let him take you
admitting defeat!) (2)
(Refrain)

Autumn sweet young lady
gliding in the wind on an October leaf,
kiss me gently where the tides are falling,
give another kiss so the tides won't come in!
(Go then with the sun, let him take you
stuck fast to his skin!) (2)
(Refrain)

Winter nice young lady
that gray has embroidered on my early days,
kiss me gently where my wounds are hurting,
give another kiss to abandon this race!
(Go then with the sun, let him take you,
if you look away!) (2)
(Refrain)

GUILLERMO TELL (Carlos Varela)

WILLIAM TELL

Sir William Tell misunderstood his youngster
who one fine day got bored
of being the bearer of the apple.
He ran away, if you believe the songster,
and then his father cursed him
without mental grapple.

Refrain:

Hey, William Tell, your son came of age:
he wants to shoot the arrow.
Now it's his turn to write a new page
as crossbow for tomorrow.

Sir William Tell misunderstood his actions
since who on earth would risk to
be the new apple bearer.
And on these words
he showed a scared reaction:
"Now it's up to you, Father,
to bear apples for the better."
(Refrain)

Sir William Tell did not like the whole notion
and he refused the apple
showing signs of deeper sorrow.
And then he said he had faith in his offspring
still what would happen if
all goes wrong with his arrow.
(Refrain)

Sir William Tell misunderstood his youngster
who one fine day got bored
of being the bearer of the apple.

¡QUÉ MANERA DE QUERERTE! (Luis Emilio Ríos)

WHAT A WAY TO LOVE YOU!

(What a crazy way to love you! How I love you!) (2)

(When I bring you to mind
I can hear your laughter,
your laughter
from a springtime secret garden) (2)
Authentic madness that gently comes after
my will until becoming its true warden.

(What a crazy way to love you! How I love you!) (2)

(When I dream about you, I
can see your kind eyes
that might be like a sown field
or a dagger) (2)
like stars escaping from your face to fly high
with that long tender look that
makes me swagger.

(What a crazy way to love you! How I love you!) (2)

(Where could I quench my thirst if
not on your sweet lips,
like drops of blood that were shed on
a lily?) (2)
If they're away from me, it scares me silly
When I crave for your kiss, posing as timid

(What a crazy way to love you! How I love you!) (2)

(How would I live if sex with you isn't handy?
Your sex that I love so madly) (2)
A heavy swell that by making me randy,
can free me from an evil spell quite gladly.

(What a crazy way to love you! How I love you!) (2)

How I love you! (2)
What a crazy way to love you as desired!
What a crazy way to live all through your fire!
How I love you! (repeat until fade)

NI UN “YA NO ESTÁS” (FE) (Alberto Tosca)

NO MORE “YOU’RE GONE” (FAITH)

Faith, you gave wings to my love
so that it could fly high
while I took refuge in your childhood
and your scent
if you unfolded your sweet fragrance of desire

My faith, what you unveiled with
fervent kisses by the sea,
clear water mixed with
white sand all around your feet,
gave me the strength to
sail so far away from here.

My faith, I trust you now, you won’t move on
My faith, no more “by chance”,
no more “you’re gone”.

Faith, with your adventures,
rise on the froth of my waves!
See how your slenderness keeps
growing with the rain
and now I don’t even have stars to
dream in vain.

My faith, bring back the courage
you embroidered in my voice.
Dewdrops remain here
from the rapture of my soul.
Give me the wings
that you once forged upon the sun!

My faith, I trust you now, you won’t move on
My faith, no more “by chance”,
no more “you’re gone”.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/143003592338>

SON OSCURO (Noel Nicola)

DARK RHYTHM

A wind of terror makes your face stinging.

Life becomes hasty
and though we're drifting,
your magic calm seems (riveting.) (2)

As violent mirror, you hear my singing
get to you, feisty,
and in your stillness,
your paleness looks (dispiriting.) (2)

Each time my soul gets crumpled
it yearns for palm trees and exotic fruits
while deeply moved it cannot help but trample
on coffee bowls that spill on Sunday suits.

Refrain: (My soul went undercover) (3)
but the cover's blown.

(My mystery's now over,) (2)

Mystery was here but now it's gone.

My soul went undercover but the cover's blown.

Mystery's over. It was here but now it's gone.

My soul went undercover but the cover's blown.

When two's not equal one, it's threesome and then some.

A mean invention, this tie that binds you
digs its own grave here,
flies near and perches
like an old debt still (haunting you) (2)

Just aged expressions the words behind you,
the universe of my deep emotions
are tragic sneers still (daunting you) (2)

Night became my second homeland
to give a golden ending to that dream
The rhythm of my words was cloaked in darkness
but even so, they sparkle from within.

(Refrain)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/143373167713>

AMOR DE MILLONES (Sara González)

LOVED BY MILLIONS

Like a birdie flying back to a fountain,
one fine morning I had waited
by my window, fascinated,
looking at the greenest mountain.
When I saw that you appeared,
walking through the fields of flowers,
your singing fell like a shower
over me since you're again near.

Refrain:

(Love of mine, do not desert me,
I'd hate to see myself all alone again
Love of mine, do not desert me.
Don't hurt me!) (2)

Your scented hair in rebellion
was kissed by starlight all over.
You're the loveliest lover.
Feels like being loved by millions.
My song sounded more sincerely
as I sensed you were arriving
and I came up with this rhyming
I know that you love so dearly.
(Refrain)

Through my window sunlight pours in
when you look at me so gladly.
I crave then very badly
for having them each morning.
Your style of love is appealing
although it's also aggressive,
still I consider impressive
your most refined inner feelings.
(Refrain)

AMIGOS COMO TÚ Y YO (Amaury Pérez)

FRIENDS LIKE YOU AND I

Such loving friends like you and I
always long for reunions
in whichever remote peaceful spot
where their souls have communion,
another sunny morning perhaps,
idyllic or appalling,
with a voice just a little less bright
and eyelids slightly falling,
still such loving friends like you and I
cannot deny their calling.

Such loving friends like you and I
will get close without rushing.
They'll fly high to a heavenly sky
with barely even touching.
They will invoke the goblin in charge
of all things that go missing
to demand the oblivion at large
for all lost goodbye kisses
since beloved friends like you and I
go beyond any distance.

Such loving friends like you and I
will one day get together.
Separation enhances close ties
not even time can shatter.
They'll be sharing the flavour and style
of a nostalgic Sunday
and to their yearning for years gone by
they will helplessly pander:
Yes! Such loving friends like you and I
become spiritual wonders.

MURO (Carlos Varela)

SEA WALL

You dip some bread in a plate that is empty
and turn the television off,
you open the window and look to the distance
don't put up resistance to your city's heart.
Walk through the streets until you reach the sea wall,
where all people end up, where the ocean starts.

You count your footsteps
as you head back to your place
and turn the TV right back on,
you fall asleep soon and while the anthem's playing
you go to bed wishing your dreams stand apart
whereas someone else still leans against the sea wall,
where all people end up, where the ocean starts.

Moon dear, something's happening, really,
I have a feeling
that this time they're leaving me quite lonely,
at least as lonely as nights without you.

You wash your face like any other weekday
and leave home without your shave.
You read the newspaper and see that our planet
has a different countenance, be it wrong or right,
and then you just keep walking till you reach the sea wall
where all people end up, where the ocean starts.

Moon dear, something's happening, really,
I have a feeling
that this time they're leaving me quite lonely,
at least as lonely as nights without you.

You dip some bread in a plate that is empty
and turn the television off,
you open the window and look to the distance
don't put up resistance to your city's heart.
Walk through the streets until you reach the sea wall,
where somebody's waiting, where the ocean starts.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/143838974018>

SALIDA (Eduardo Ramos)

LET IT OUT!

I felt a little bit too tired right before the morning.
The world was spinning all around me.
Everything was turning.
As I looked up to watch the dawning,
there you entered smiling, oddly.
And I had waited all my life
not knowing who was coming
but when I saw you I could feel
inside my heart was drumming.
On top of all that, you were fresh and
you just kept on smiling gladly.

Let it out! / And I set free all of my true emotions
Let it out! / I had your body without further notions
Let it out! / My kisses traveled
all your roads completely, deeply
Let it out! / I felt inside of me a river flowing
Let it out! / The kind of feeling
one can't stop from growing
Let it out! / Since your embrace kept fitting
on me neatly

I don't know why my impulse
was to make it everlasting.
Perhaps your laughter did the trick
for it was so contrasting.
I sometimes wonder if you noticed
that you kept on smiling.
Or was it fate the one that set
this pleasure trap for lovers?
Or the remembrance of the past
had made us run for cover?
I'm only sure you overflow dreams
I'd like to uncover.

Let it out! / And I set free all of my true emotions...

Let it out! / Go and set free all of your true emotions
Let it out! / Don't be afraid to cause a big commotion
Let it out! / There won't be love
where there's no overflowing
Let it out! / Let us forget possible inhibitions
Let it out! / and every kiss will then fulfill its mission
Let it out! / of keeping us forever young and smiling gladly
Let it out!

TAL VEZ (Juan Formell)

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows?

If only I had kissed you once more,
everything would be different right now and
I'd have a fond memory of you.

But then, who knows?

If only you had spoken, my love,
I would have you here beside me
and I would not be blue.

Who knows?

The day I parted from you,
if your warm hands had prevented my cold hands
from waving goodbye, with resolve...

But then, who knows?

If only you had spoken, my love,
I would have you here beside me
and I would not be blue.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/144093395598>

UN MONTÓN DE ESTRELLAS (Polo Montañez)

A BUNCH OF STARS

I just don't know why this song must be about her
when in turn I should despise her from the very bottom of my heart.
I'm still not over and done with her completely.
Thus far she affects me deeply like right now in this song, for a start.
Countless times I've tried so hard not to remember
but instead reviving embers set my mind again on fire in an instant
since she knows what made me tick in our relation,
she's familiar with my passion and she always takes advantage from a distance.

When it comes to love I'm constantly a loser, frequent victim of abusers,
with no good defence against heartless offenders,
for she always makes good use of her resources and she builds up well her forces
when she scorns me or makes me go on a bender. So it goes!

I remember well the song I dedicated to her being unacquainted
with her evil ways that wounded me.
I went downhill without hope little by little while my judgment became brittle.
No one else knows what came over me.
I fell prey to all her whims without a whimper but one day I stopped to simper
when I realized she was derogatory.
I recovered from my downfall rather slowly till the arms of a new lover
put at last a rightful ending to this story.

When it comes to love I'm constantly a loser, frequent victim of abusers,
with no good defence against heartless offenders,
for she always made good use of her resources and she built up well her forces
when she kissed me to make me go on a bender. So it goes!

R: (It was all like that, I was made to love her)
I really loved her, I did adore her, still in the end I just had to loathe her (R)
I loved that woman very much
because I thought she also loved me (R)
I would have flown all the way to heaven
To bring a bunch of stars only for her (R)
One day I captured a little songbird
in a gold cage only to indulge her (R)
She laughed so damn hard at me,
now I can't stand the sight of her.

It was all like that / That's the way it was
I was made to love her / For I was such a fool
It was all like that / I fell in love completely
I was made to love her / and later she was very cruel

FLOR PÁLIDA (Polo Montañez)

PALLID ROSE

I found a rose
one fine day at the roadside.
She looked as though
some passers-by had shoved her.
Withered and pallid while letting out a long sigh
I took her with me to my place to take care of her.

That weary rose of such unhealthy pallor,
which I look after and makes my heart flutter,
has now recovered all her lovely colours
because she found a gardener who provided water.

I added love to my watering can.
I made her life much more pleasing
and in the winter the warmth of my hands
could always keep her from freezing.
I answer now for that once pallid rose
and I have promised to guard her
against the pain someone else could impose
so she stays always beside me.

That charming rose is the source of my gladness.
A love was born that loneliness discarded.
The light of day could overcome the darkness.
I was no longer in the distance, disregarded.

I added love to my watering can.
I made her life much more pleasing
and in the winter the warmth of my hands
could always keep her from freezing.
I answer now for that once pallid rose
and I have promised to guard her
so she remains in my garden for good,
so she stays always beside me.

VUELA PENA (Amaury Pérez Vidal)

FLY NOW, SORROW

As the first wind's blowing, it carries sorrow,
still quite drowsy and with its head bowed,
while its hair's been tied with ribbons
from a big dust cloud.

As the first wind's blowing, it carries sorrow
from a springtime that was hollow
and exchanged its snowy outfit
for the grey suit of a cyclone.

1: (Sorrow goes away but always comes back
like the stirring of the white sand
as a wave steals all the footprints on the seaside.
Sorrow, immense sorrow
that keeps prowling
as one's own dog when it's growling,
like a songbird that is much too tired to fly
and remains yowling.

Fly now, fly now sorrow
where you want to,
crash into the stony ground soon
or keep still till I flee from you.

Fly now, fly now sorrow
where you want to.

Stay away, though, from land furrows)
where true goodness may not live until tomorrow.

Sorrow, slaying sorrow, burning bosoms,
immense sorrow, serving poison,
that will tarnish your horizon
even though weather is wholesome.
Sorrow, massive sorrow, that's eternal
and makes deep wounds sempiternal
turning every lovely princess
into old queens quite infernal.

(1)

where true goodness lies beneath a gloomy barrow.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/144803304633>

REGRÉSAMELO TODO (Raúl Torres)

BRING BACK ALL MY THINGS

Bring back soon all the things you took from me
when you find the occasion.

The days that I have left without your light
mix hunger with fierce passion.

The virgin and the prayers,
the sword and the clay midgets,
the beaches and the sea breeze,
bring me back all my things now
since I am all naked and still freezing.

Bring back soon all the things you took from me
when you sense my existence.

The kiss I gave you once behind that seat,
the sighs of least resistance,
my Peter Pan sans Wendy,
my Lone Wolf full of courage,
and my books of short stories.

Bring back now all the things you took from me:
I'm dying without glory.

Do you recall that orange, the mighty seashell god,
the poem of the sparrow
and the rock crystal arrow that I stole from an angel
and plunged into your bosom?

The ruby crescent moon, the sun made of fine china
the pair of hands in nacre, the apple known through Adam.

Everything that you took from me, my love,
belongs near my recliner.

My nervous happiness, my countless tears of joy,
my prose writings, my verses,
my most passionate letter, my nice lemon tea,
my awkward fear of spectres,
my crucifix in blue, my cuddly toy on fire,
and making love to you filled with morning desire,
all you stuffed in your bags, sweet love of mine,
is part of my empire.

Bring back now all my things, all of them, heart of mine!
Stop making me so nervous!

The clearing of that forest where at last
I could fully undress you.

Your magical caresses, your jasmine lips so vast,
your orgasms so golden,
and if it pleases you, not being too much to ask,
bring yourself back with all them.

DOBLE JUEGO (Polito Ibáñez)

DUPLICITY

I will dye my hair to look like dung.
I'll smoke joints until I bust a lung.
Don't know why my nipples hurt again.
Don't spit at my feet! Are you insane?
I could not care less of what you say.
I'm so frightened of the way you swear.
I can't stand this pressure anymore.
In your prison I'll become a bore.

(In the meantime I lodge on a place
where I show a normal face,
which is also something of a living) (2)

Late at night I'll hang out at this bar.
Someone there will want to rape me hard
in exchange for pills to stay awake
or they'll punch my ribs for future breaks.
Then I'll paint a timely destiny.
Don't ever apologize to me!
You can't save me from our deadly dance.
In the end I'd rather stand my chance.

(In the meantime I lodge on a place
where I show a normal face,
which is also something of a living) (2)
In the meantime I lodge on a place
where I show a normal face,
that's also the life I'm living...

MONEDAS AL AIRE (Carlos Varela)

COINS IN THE AIR

Toss your coins way up in the air now
to find out through the I Ching
if the end is near.

You know I can't possibly save you.
Still you come all the way here to me.

Who knows? Who knows? Miracles might happen.
Miracles might happen around here.

You're afraid of self-isolation
and not ever breaking free, so free.
You know I don't want an evasion
although they're suspecting me, yes, me.

Who knows? Who knows? Miracles might happen.
Miracles might happen around here.

Toss my coins way up in the air now
to find out through the I Ching
if the end is near.

Although I can't possibly save you,
come and hold on tight to me, to me.

Who knows? Who knows? Miracles might happen.
Miracles might happen around here.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/145150250568>

COMO A MUJERES (Polito Ibáñez)

AS WOMEN'S TREASURES

You could go online
and pretend to be modern and hip,
dressed in the latest fashion.
You could diffuse the moonlight
when at night you lean out of your window
outshining the moon.

(1): (You could defy a rainstorm,
lay your silhouette bare
and then even kiss me again.
Better late than sooner,
it could happen you'll be in the end
everything I'll have left.

And you will shine light beyond measure
and something else I should hold
and should learn to respect as women's treasures...
And you'll provide so many pleasures
and something else I won't know
if I'll hold or respect as women's treasures...
Oh well...)

You could go online,
make complicity gestures and still you could feel very lonely
and not even the sea froth
would then match the pale tint of your eyes as
they turn towards me.

(1)

as women's treasures, as women's treasures, as women's treasures
Oh well...

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/145504024893>

DESDE AQUEL DÍA EN QUE LO DIVIDIERON TODO (Carlos Varela)
SINCE THE SAD DAY WHEN THEY SPLIT ALL THEIR BELONGINGS

He had to get good grades or else he would be so grounded
and then he couldn't hang out with his buddies.

He had to steal some cash from his father's bulging wallet
to buy his pills and keep up with his studies.

One day he saw his mother as she cried in her bedroom
and noticed furniture had been smashed against the wall
and he found out that something came to an ending there soon
since the sad day when his father just took off.

Refrain: Since the sad day when they split all their belongings,
all their illusions, their photos and their trinkets,
since the sad day when he only saw his father on every other weekend...

He had to get good grades or else he would be so grounded
and then he couldn't hang out with his buddies.

He had to borrow cash from his mother's needy wallet
to buy his pills and keep up with his studies.

One day he felt afraid, not knowing where to stand
as he found himself naked with a lady friend
and he came to discover that something had been missing
since the sad day when his father went away. (Refrain)

He had to get good grades or else he would be so grounded
and then he couldn't hang out with his buddies.

That's why he stole some cash from his mother's empty wallet
to buy his pills and keep up with his studies.

One day he broke and entered into a wealthy mansion
and ended up with his hands up and legs widely spread
and he came to discover that something had all run out
since the sad day when his father went away.

I'm not stating that this is the true cause of his misfortune
for being in the can all conscience-stricken
(Still it's a fact he had only seen his father on every other weekend) (bis)
(Refrain)

since the sad day when he only saw his father on every other weekend.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/145504072513>

PORQUE NO ME VAS A QUERER (Amaury Pérez)

SINCE YOU'LL NEVER WANT ME AGAIN

Since you'll never want me again,
there's no point hoping for one more try.
You put out on my skin all your starlight.
I can no longer cry.

Since you'll never want me again,
it's no use sailing towards the sky.
In your hair, my young dove fled forever.
I can no longer cry.

Because we couldn't strike the right balance
between nights filled with passion or kindness
as my sore lips sank into your madness.

Since you will never want me again
in your heart always thirsty and stifled,
then it would make no sense now to trifle
with a windy dusk under the rain.

Since the waiting would be all in vain
for a love like the tide when it's rising,
I refuse to stay here agonizing
since you will never want me again.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/145855170808>

NÍTIDA FE (Raúl Torres)

CRYSTAL-CLEAR FAITH

I have a dear friend of a crystal-clear faith
who dreams of a home built on top of the sun.
He says lands and souls are more fruitful up there,
with plenty of bread where his songs are more fun.

I have a dear friend of a crystal-clear faith
who claims he still has to do lots of brave acts.
He just said goodbye but he pledged to come back
when his crag's all covered by stained shattered glass.

(Cruel destiny's glass that gets broken to kill
the peaceful reflection of faces from friends.
When mirrors give back a sign of holiness,
his hand is the test of a hardening strength.

I have a dear friend of a crystal-clear faith
who dreams of a dwelling on top of the sun.
Even if it's mad, I won't stand in his way.
Perhaps quite the opposite, I'll go with him...)

...to found homes.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/146991878988>

COMO UN ÁNGEL (Carlos Varela)

LIKE AN ANGEL

Like an angel in a prison cell,
she was locked inside her bedroom almost every day.
Incense burning to the sound of the Doors
and a joint of marihuana eased her pain for sure.

No one gave her a little love, no one.
No one was warm towards her heart, no one.

And her father, picking fight after fight,
while her mother spent the whole day
like a lost soul that wouldn't stop to cry.
Virgin Mary, staring down from the wall
and a crucifix tattooed on her backside
underneath her clothes.

No one gave her a little love, no one.
No one was warm towards her heart
and that's why she figured out how to escape,
and that's why she left in search of a new place.

So it was that one day she flew away
where nobody could find her again.
It was no use at all
that they warned the police force about her.
People searched high and low for her
but soon learned they had to do without her. Oh, yeah!

No one gave her a little love, no one.
No one was warm towards her heart, no one.

I saw her jumping out the balcony.
As she floated, she could grab a sunbeam.
Where she went, only dear God can tell.
Like an angel, she vanished in the air.

No one gave her a little love, no one.
No one was warm towards her heart
and that's why she figured out how to escape,
and that's why she left in search of a new place.

Like an angel... (repeat 8 times)

Y SIEMPRE DIMOS MÁS (Eduardo Ramos)

AND WE GAVE ALWAYS MORE

I became addicted to your skin
to quench my thirst for love,
all those nights when I just gave myself
until the break of dawn.
It meant more and we gave always more,
not getting tired at all
until your face was soaked in sunlight
and once more we were
retracing all our steps, starting again.

There was light and shadows.
There was sun and starlight, all of you.
There was so much that I even fled
and stole your skin away.
I returned and I regained your breasts.
I rescued your caress
and once again I lost
myself in my immediacy,
my lovelorn urgency
overexciting me.

I gave my illusions,
my sex in profusion,
I gave all,
delved into your longings
as your nakedness is my new call.

There was light and shadows.
There was sun and starlight, all of you,
all those nights when I just gave myself
until the break of dawn.

(It meant more and we gave always more,
not getting tired at all
until your face was soaked in sunlight
and once more we were
retracing all our steps
and starting once again) (bis)

PEQUEÑOS SUEÑOS (Carlos Varela)

LITTLE DREAMS

The trucker turns the music on as the night is falling.
The headlights on the highway always look
like dreamy visions.
They get closer and closer rather slowly
but soon disappear.
On the driver's compartment there's a pin-up,
a centrefold from 'Playboy'.
She stares at him, demands attention and doesn't let him sleep, no.
He knows too well that's not such a big deal but
those are his own reveries,
those little dreams that often give us hope and help us as we live.

She had my picture framed to hang it
on the wall at her bedside.
I know her father doesn't like it but I remain there still.
It's true that I'm like crucified, unable to do nothing.
I only look fixedly at her each time she goes to sleep.
She knows too well that's not such a big deal but
those are her own reveries,
those little dreams that often give us hope and help us as we live,
and help us as we live, oh, yeah...

My mother put flowers alongside
a picture of my old man
and then she looked fixedly at him
before going to sleep.
She knew too well that wasn't such a big deal but
those were her own reveries,
those little dreams that also give us hope and help us as we live.

I have a big hat, a pair of old boots,
my guitar and my loved one.
My guitar stares, demands attention
and doesn't let me sleep.
I know too well that's not such a big deal but
those are my own reveries,
those little dreams that also give me hope and help me as I live.

And so I wander through my hometown
as the night is falling.
The headlights on the highway always look
like dreamy visions.
They get closer and closer rather slowly
but soon disappear.
Such are the little dreams that give us hope and help us as we live,
and help us as we live (4).

SIEMPRE TE VAS EN LAS TARDES (Eduardo Ramos)

YOU ALWAYS GO WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS

You always go when the night falls
and time flies in pursuit of you,
stuck hard on your skin like the sun,
quite silently burning my fun.

(I feel so sad when I think of the kisses
that I failed to give,
stout desire I could not relieve,
but it's getting late, I must also leave.

Outside the circle of life continues.
My empty bed has not yet been made.
Then the next day you return and
again I find love in your arms
or we talk about what's going on
until time resets the alarms) (bis)

On the alert, we spend time together,
relentlessly working for the better.
(repeat several times
alternating with instrumental solos)

I feel so sad when I think of the kisses
that I failed to give,
stout desire I could not relieve,
but it's getting late, I must also leave.

Outside the circle of life continues.
My empty bed has not yet been made.
Then the next day you return and
again I find love in your arms
or we talk about what's going on
until time resets the alarms.

CANTO N° 1 (EL PRIMER DÍA) (Vicente Feliú)

CHANT N° 1 (THE FIRST DAY)

The first day is beginning,
of a year that I'm starting beside you.
A year's always a time frame
and never seems sufficient.

Then you kiss me when it's midnight,
and our old friends hug each other.
Heretics yawn and just go to bed early.

Travel now with me through this whole first day
from start to finish.

Travel through my yearning body's
doors and windows with passion.

Travel through my words,
through my poem of light and faith
and travel through my great
expectations.

We start all of a sudden
to examine our laughter,
your joyful urban laughter,
the laughter in my verses.
Later on your kiss feels awesome
while your hand issues no warning
to plant the glorious morning
of this day here in my bosom.

Travel now with me through this whole first day
from start to finish.

Travel through my yearning body's
doors and windows with passion.

Travel through my words,
through my poem of light and faith
and travel through my great
expectations, my love.

PRESENCIA, SIMPLEMENTE (Ramiro Gutiérrez Pavón)

SIMPLY, PRESENCE

You are the fickle wind blowing
so strong and impatient
or soft breeze caressing.
You are the mist and the darkness,
a shooting star's crossing,
the thirst that is pressing.

You are the most far-off silence,
the best hidden sorrow,
or starlit bonfire,
timeless fight of light and shadows,
a weird apparition,
lips full of desire.

(You are the rain on the green grass,
the life that we're spending,
the heat that keeps turning.
You are a gaze fixed on something,
overwhelming distance
and high noon sun burning.

You are the full moon at sunrise
the sand and the sea froth,
mental weeping willow.
You are the promise of rain clouds,
the wet empty avenues...) (bis)

You are the full moon at sunrise
the sand and the sea froth,
mental weeping willow.
You are the promise of rain clouds,
the wet empty avenues...
...the soft untouched pillow.

AUSENCIAS (Liuba María Hevia)

ABSENCES

Sometimes absence is akin to oblivion
gathering dust on daybreaks and on seed pods
that opened over distant stormy oceans
where they will never get to reach the seashores.

Sometimes absence rubs up against the sunrise
like butterflies that stand on ceremony,
austere prisoners of the fragrant flowers
that provide them with clear heavenly honey.

Remote lonely ghost of an absence,
you violate old gates while you're singing.
You shout to the heavens that voice
resonating inside you.

You write each day the song that is missing.
You shall always remind us of the distance.

Sometimes absence is a seagull that saves you,
disdainful of frontier posts and of seasons,
besetting empty walls and kind expressions,
sketching our faith with crayons of good reasons.

Sometimes absence speaks low about tomorrow
and turns into an iridescent wonder,
brings closer to you worlds that you can borrow
and fills with hope the balconies up yonder.

(Remote lonely ghost of an absence,
you violate old gates while you're singing.
You shout to the heavens that voice
resonating inside you.

You write each day the song that is missing.
You shall always remind us of the distance.) (bis)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/148639024998>

¡AY DEL AMOR! (Mike Porcel)

WOE BETIDE LOVE!

All my secret illusions
were having a good time
when she went through my doorway
in search of another love nest.
She brought with her no belongings,
only the weight of existence
setting her skin up in flames
while lacking loving experience.

Since feeling gloomy and lonely
is no laughing matter,
I got used to her fragrance
as though nothing had happened
and on the first dawn that gladdened
our hearts, peace was worth the bother.
Between desire and fears of
falling down, we loved each other.

[1]: [Woe betide love that, when dying of thirst,
flies in to perch but soon flies out again!
Woe betide dreams that are bound
to pass over the sea! Woe is me!
Woe betide love that went by
and won't return for sure!
Woe is me, nevermore!]

And so our story started
as springtime soon unfolded.
Her arms began to hold me
when I dreamed in the night wind.
Right after I hacked my pathway,
built up my hopes, wrote my verses,
a bad omen got then serious
so love became really tedious.

And so it happened one morning
on the bed, without warning,
that love died as expected
and the place was deserted
among old fading memories
seeking to hold our love steady;
love we in vain tried to save
when it was all lost already.

(Repeat [1])

GRAFFITI DE AMOR (Carlos Varela)

GRAFFITI OF LOVE

No one knew well where she came from,
one day when the city was still sleeping
and she arrived together with the sunrise.

With her everlasting lipstick
she drew signs on every wall and sidewalk.
What her soul felt, her hands expressed just likewise.

And she drew and drew her signs all over,
myriads of fishes with the same tint all
till the streets were covered
with her graffiti of love.

At the break of dawn the city
floated on the flooding of her drawings.
Nobody thought someone would dare that much now.
While some started looking for her,
others whitewashed all the walls and sidewalks
but she kept on and even drew on parked cars.

And she drew and drew her signs all over,
myriads of fishes with the same tint all
till the roads were covered
with her graffiti of love.

Then they mobilized to whitewash
all the buildings, windowpanes and parked cars,
even a horn moon
a lonely boy had drawn on the sidewalk.
Ever since it's been forbidden
to draw anything souls might be feeling,
chaining their peace so they remain well hidden.

As there weren't any other places
where her inner pain could be drawn,
she tattooed her body
all with graffiti of love.

As there weren't any other places
where her inner pain could be drawn,
she tattooed her body
with her graffiti of love.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/149319129243>

DIÁLOGO CON UN AVE (Mike Porcel)

DIALOGUE WITH A SONGBIRD

A bird on a tree sang loud next to me,
so I asked her: 'what is the reason
for such great joy out of season?'
She answered: 'It's only love'.

I had to admit I never knew love.
I just didn't want to keep still.
Curiosity forced me to
ask her all about that feeling.

('How I pity you, poor wayfarer,
you've been always blue!
Love is merely the torment of one
and the joy found by two
and the hate between three.
And that's it!')

How blind I have been!
I had never seen
the essential matters in life
are the truth and the great delight
that do not exist without love) (bis)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/150399155593>

MARIPOSA (Pedro A. Romero)

BUTTERFLY

Fine artisan of flights and elevations
while showing rainbow colours in her guise,
a butterfly comes asking for attention:
I have no time to properly react.

She makes a great display of perfect balance
with fairy-tales of nectars that she sipped
on cold nights spent on the edge of the abyss,
denied of sunlight she has always missed.

[1]: [What could Venice tell us about melancholy
and about deep yearning and remote love stories?
What would single chords know about songs of glory?
How would night-time find out if daytime was jolly?
So what would I know if butterflies dream of
mere fancies and follies?]

Who says that it's a sin to reach for heaven?
Returning is what shall make us divine,
if dreams are on our memories deeply graven
before we spiral downwards to real life.

Existence passes by in those endeavours
where giving up would be a pointless crime.
Let love flights, with us all, find always favour
to soar above the dark clouds when it's time!

Repeat [1]
[Instrumental bridge]
Repeat [1]
...mere fancies and follies.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/150399230388>

ATRAPANDO ESPACIOS (Raúl Torres)

CONQUERING NEW SPACES

After you're born, you can experience so much beauty
while your hands are so eager to catch all and conquer
the seeds of wisdom to replant them as a duty;
everything with the purpose to create new wonders,
to create new wonders.

Still if you try to reach for other stars in heaven
without travelling first all over your own planet
it's like bringing under the plough a land that's barren:
no proper germinations will come to pass on it,
nothing shall grow on it.

[1]: Conquering new spaces while the heart is beating,
I came to surprise you whenever you stalked me.
I'll always escape in time, never retreating.
Ouch! I want myself to conquer you a little
just to let you know now and then my feelings:
conquering fast winds could become most appealing.

Excuse me if I use this word over and over
but I have never thought it is at all redundant
still with my instinct to conquer souls and discover
I let myself be conquered by it like a lover
always, always, always.

Just as light as a feather it will fly through past times,
while leaving as a relic a few distant traces
and so the present will conquer soon the future
and everything will be conquering new spaces
towards eternity.

Repeat [1] three times

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/150399073158>

YO TE QUERÍA, MARÍA (Gerardo Alfonso)

I LOVED YOU DEARLY, MARIA

[1]: [Ah, I loved you dearly, Maria
That's why my mind became clear
I'm a falling leaf the wind steers
away from spirits in fear... I
know one day love shall arrive
with bitterness out of proportion
and so many misfortunes
It'll stay, it'll stay
sunk in an ocean of bad loneliness]

I've been searching for you,
I've been so desperate, longing for you,
Like an old prisoner craving to break free
Out and in and then out
of my own self, falling to pieces,
chained to a wall all covered with anxiety.

Repeat [1]

I keep searching for you
with my hands always open
like old windows in the wake
of mighty storms
Harsh winds that erode
and feel like massive walls surrounding
my desire to love
till I explode

Repeat [1]

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/150958915968>

COMO LOS PECES (Carlos Varela)

AS IF THEY WERE FISH

All the churches talk about salvation now
while most people pray and make their wishes in blank silence
as if they were fish.
And there is a bitter tear that's sliding down the face of Jesus,
bitter tears falling.

And most parents are reluctant to talk about what goes on.
They survive in their old prisons and get used to shut their mouth,
as if they were fish.
And there's a bitter tear sliding down the faces of their children,
bitter tears falling.

[1]: "Though you're gone and you've left me with all this sorrow,
though we're through and all my illusions are now over,
I cry without you knowing the way I'm weeping
it's like bitter tears falling, bitter tears"

In the news they say one should accept one's fate.
People swallow their pride while they look at each other,
as if they were fish.
And there's a bitter tear sliding down the face of Virgin Mary,
bitter tears falling.

Disillusion is what youngsters talk about
and in silence they take off across the ocean,
as if they were fish.
And there's a bitter tear sliding down the face of a good mother,
bitter tears falling.

Repeat [1]

All the churches talk about salvation now
while most people pray and make their wishes in blank silence,
as if they were fish.
(And there is a bitter tear that's sliding down the face of Jesus,
bitter tears falling) (bis)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/151663017823>

TREINTA Y SEIS PELDAÑOS (Eduardo Ramos)

THIRTY SIX STEPS

Under the safe shelter of a quiet dusk,
two passers-by walk on joining their firm hands:
thoughts of you, thoughts of you.

In a reflex action, I search. You're not there.
Two passers-by walk on joining their firm hands:
thoughts of you, thoughts of you.

What hands are the right hands that my hands claim to hold?
What's the accurate distance?
How long should one walk?
All other secret halves are revealing to me:
Soon I'll come back for you; that's what it surely means.

(I've climbed thirty six steps all right
but I don't feel tired tonight
as I gaze right above your height, your height, your height.
I feel fine.) (bis)

I go to and fro, I search and there you are.
Two more passers-by go joining their firm hands:
thoughts of you, thoughts of you.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/152245400233>

QUÉDATE ESTE BOLERO (Amaury Pérez Vidal)

STAY FOR THIS BOLERO!

Maybe I had waited for you so long
that my hands then could not come to undress you:

I stood there in the middle of sunset,
quite afraid my fever might have drained you.

Maybe I had dreamed of you for so long
in those cold languid hours of winter
that I could not escape from my bondage
so that your sigh had to remain unfinished.

[1] : [Stay awhile, if just for this bolero!

Let it get into you very deeply!
Feel its pain as if it was new music
and sing it into pieces!

Let yourself slide over its desires!
Cry out loud the rage that you have hidden
and dance along if your spite and your fire
let you follow the rhythm!]

Maybe I went so hopelessly crazy
with your scent of a dove by the river
that my lips could not deal with the frenzy
of your thirst so they began to quiver.

Maybe I had become so excited
with the thought of all your absent places
that my skin resisted to your presence,
torn apart between faith and impatience.

Repeat [1]

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/152553026303>

CORAZÓN, CORAZÓN (Alexandro Seguí)

BEATING HEART

Every man wants to feel joy from love
in pursuit of his dreams filled with light
where he finds a way to live his life
as he worships virtue all the time.

Only then while clinging to his roots,
he will get to know himself much more,
summing up all that he really is,
what he was and some day will become.

1: [Born out of a fire that was natural but flawed,
that began to grow and still strives to rise
through the noble spirit that will restlessly search for
reasons of its own wherever it thrives.

Beating heart, beating heart, beating heart,
let me look well inside you!
I am laying you bare one more time and I'd do it again.
Beating heart, beating heart, beating heart,
let the wind purify you!
I will grant you the marvel to know who I am]

Every man wants to discern which sun
shines on his own kingdom of the soul
while ascending to the power throne
becomes fairly equal right for all.

Liberty shall be his greater God;
Justice, the right temple where he'll pray.
Every song of peace shall bring him joy.
Life shall be the flag he'll always wave.

Repeat [1]

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/153177033058>

EN ESPUMA Y ARENA (Pedro Luis Ferrer)

LIKE THE SURF ON THE SAND

Though you might always see me as a catch in closed season,
breaking alphabets sometimes against all odds and reasons,
don't believe that my hands would [confine flowers in prisons] (bis)

[1]: [Though I feel strong desires of hating till I perish,
the predictable anguish of your features so perfect,
don't believe that my hatred is real but just affected;
it's the attempt I'm making to be forever blended
with your inner bonfire till your solitude's ended]

I'd like to see you laugh, woman of my disorder,
free and unsystematic, with no reins and no borders,
just laugh as if the spirit had come out of a forest.

[2]: [I'd like to see you smile, woman of my experience,
violating the distance in your stellar existence,
falling down to this good place
where things lose their consistence.

Let us forget a little whatever makes us offhand
Let all worries become then like the surf on the white sand]

Repeat [1]

I'd like to see you rise like the full moon in summer,
reflected on a puddle after a rain that hammered,
lying down on the asphalt and all sidewalks I travel.

Repeat [2]

Refrain:

Like the surf on the white sand, you see,
Like the surf on the white sand
Let all worries become then, good heavens,
Like the surf on the white sand

Improvisations alternating with the refrain:

(I keep praying that your heart lives once and for all without sorrow)
and that all the pain you feel, turns into sand by tomorrow. (R)

(I want that your solitude can set itself soon in motion) (bis)
and that all the pain you feel turns into surf from the ocean. (R)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/153472265968>

SON PARA TI (Pepe Ordaz)

DANCE TUNE FOR YOU

I've just begun to realize
that you've been in my heart
since I have learnt to tell true love
and pleasing sex apart,
since I was able to appraise
I would exchange my childish games for one kiss.

After I've kissed so much in vain,
you came into my life
to share the centre of my tender youth
there with your swift coming of age
and those two periods met by chance
getting together to defeat the hours.

[So show me then,
woman of magic travels through the night,
the pathway that can lead me to your body
and make me feel,
with the light touch of your delicate skin,
that our good love could overcome the hours.

And look for me,
after the sunset steals the evening's charm,
when the night against me begins to huddle
and at that place
where yesterday the darkness kept us warm,
you'll heave a sigh of joy from the first cuddle] (bis)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/154074569708>

ORDEN DEL DÍA (Frank Delgado)

ORDER OF THE DAY

Life is like a mere split-second of a quite unique occasion:
You have to be clear about it at every station.

[1]: [Life seems the familiar passage of a song that makes you dizzy:
if you can't sing it, you hum it and take it easy]

The very first step that you have to take when the sun's shining
must be with your right foot so that the whole world keeps on smiling.
Then pay for your bus ticket and wink at a travel novice.
Although they call you crazy, smile pretending not to notice.

Then praise the good looks of that passer-by who's lovely
And while arriving at your workplace,
when you pass the building's porter,
say hi although you walk next to the same one who gives you orders.
And ask the old cleaning lady if she watered her fine flowers,
if she woke up with backaches or if her spine is still in power, because...

Always cheer up your neighbours when they find that life is gloomy:
talk about your favourite music or invite them to a movie.
Don't be actually bothered when a rest room seems beneath you
and laugh about bald people for once in a while won't kill you.
Head back home quickly and pretend that it's your birthday.
Nocturnal weather permitting in Mother Nature's confusion,
take a stroll as if you suffered from acute grandeur delusions.
If you meet impolite people, just be patient and be willing
to sleep like a log till morning without having guilty feelings, because...

Repeat [1]

You can never be too careful avoiding fatal desires
'cause if you fully miss your aim or your luck is dreadful
You'll be consumed by their fire.

Repeat [1] alternating with free improvisations

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/154675789153>

TRISTEZA (Liuba María Hevia)

SADNESS

Please, tell me, Sadness, if on your saddle
Solitude's always ready to ride
If you are frost that the sea mist swaddles
If you imprison freedom inside

Frostbitten sadness, deep misty sadness
Upon the trees like an empty bird's nest
Drawing the last breath of your past gladness
Save the empire of downright madness

Please, tell me, Sadness, if your dark pupils
reflect like mirrors this hostile town
If you won't clear up, making me stupid:
high price of the truth that brings me down.

Frostbitten sadness, deep misty sadness
Upon the trees like an empty bird's nest
Get off my lips now, you, speechless sadness!
Upon the trees like an empty bird's nest
Drawing the last breath of your past gladness
Save the empire of downright madness

Please, tell me, Sadness, if on your saddle
Dreams are now riding...
Please, tell me, Sadness, if on your saddle
Dreams are now riding... and won't come back.

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/155947235308>

FOTO DE FAMILIA (Carlos Varela)

FAMILY PICTURE

Behind these years of wretched learning,
 behind the fear and all the pain,
we spend our lives constantly yearning
for things that won't come back again.

 Behind all those who never left us,
 behind those who're no longer here,
 there is an old family picture
 where everybody sheds some tears.

We keep trying to look through the small eye of a needle.
 We keep trying to live inside a bubble, in its middle.
 Lonesome, lonesome.

 Behind the endless melancholy,
 behind the treason and the lies,
 behind all the remoteness folly,
 behind the separation cries,

 behind the governments on all sides,
 behind religions and behind frontiers,
 there is an old family picture,
 there's an old print of you with me.

We keep trying to look through the small eye of a needle.
 We keep trying to live inside a bubble, in its middle.
 Lonesome, lonesome.

Behind these years of wretched learning,
 behind the fear and all the pain,
we spend our lives constantly yearning
till disillusion shows us in the end
 [that it was all for nothing
for nothing, for nothing] (3 times)
 that it was all for nothing
 “or nearly nothing,
 which might be different
 but it's the same”

NO HE PERDIDO (Eduardo Ramos)

I'M NOT LOSING

When I was much younger I picked all the flowers
I was disconcerted when I wasn't loved back
The fear of excesses could not curb my thirst to be pleased.

As the years kept passing I went through some changes
though the same old yearning arises from my skin
with the same sensation of never giving in,
that brings peace, that brings peace.

I'm not losing
that eagerness to give true love and then receiving
and if I ever was mistaken or misleading
I'm not losing
what I have lived somehow I think that it is proceeding

I'm not losing
because you lose while mutilating your desire
as if your kiss would not set other lips on fire
I'm not losing
if losing means not to achieve a kiss required.

Innocent behaviour went away forever,
actions so absurd and so crazy, I don't know...
whimsical endeavours that still make us go well beyond.

Then again they marked us, leaving trails behind us
and you learn to live every instant without fright
of what your tomorrow might bring to your life:
It will come what will come.

[I'm not losing
because you lose while mutilating your desire
as if my sex your sweet embrace would not inspire
I'm not losing
if losing means not to adore your frame admired.

I'm not losing
the roaming kiss or the nostalgia for embraces,
being sincere while I'm in love and leave my traces
I'm not losing
because I'm glad I have this life still going places] (bis)

Audio: <https://domihnoq.tumblr.com/post/157190395718>